

FAMILY GUY

"Play It Again, Brian"

Production #6ACX01

Written by

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Directed by

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Created by

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Executive Producers

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TABLE DRAFT
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“PLAY IT AGAIN, BRIAN”

CAST LIST FOR #6ACX01:

PETER GRIFFIN.....SETH MACFARLANE
LOIS GRIFFIN.....ALEX BORSTEIN
CHRIS GRIFFIN.....SETH GREEN
MEG GRIFFIN.....MILA KUNIS
STEWIE GRIFFIN.....SETH MACFARLANE
BRIAN GRIFFIN.....SETH MACFARLANE
CLEVELAND.....MIKE HENRY

ANNOUNCER.....TBD (SUB: JOHN VIENER)
AUDREY HEPBURN.....TBD (SUB: KIM FERTMAN)
BILL.....TBD (SUB: JOHN VIENER)
BRANDEE.....TBD (SUB: KIM FERTMAN)
CANCER PATIENT.....TBD (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)
CLARK KENT.....TBD (SUB: JOHN VIENER)
COP.....TBD (SUB: ALEC SULKIN)
COWARDLY LION.....TBD (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)
CYRIL.....TBD (SUB: ALEC SULKIN)
DON JOHNSON.....TBD (SUB: JOHN VIENER)
EMCEE.....TBD (SUB: JOHN VIENER)
FISH #1.....TBD (SUB: ALEC SULKIN)
FISH #2.....TBD (SUB: DANNY SMITH)
GORD.....TBD (SUB: CHRIS SHERIDAN)
GRAMOPHONE RECORD.....TBD (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)
GREGORY PECK.....TBD (SUB: ALEC SULKIN)
GUY.....TBD (SUB: SETH GREEN)
HUMPHREY BOGART.....TBD (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)
HUSBAND DUCK.....TBD (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)
INDIANA JONES.....TBD (SUB: JOHN VIENER)
JIM.....TBD (SUB: ALEC SULKIN)
JOE.....PATRICK WARBURTON (SUB: JOHN VIENER)
KIDS.....SETH GREEN /MILA KUNIS /ALEC SULKIN
LEON.....TBD (SUB: JOHN VIENER)
LOIS LANE.....TBD (SUB: ALEX BORSTEIN)
MANAGER.....TBD (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)
MATH TEACHER.....TBD (SUB: RICH APPEL)

MICKY.....TBD (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)
NOAH.....TBD (SUB: ALEC SULKIN)
PHILIP MICHAEL THOMAS.....TBD (SUB: MIKE HENRY)
PINK RHINO.....TBD (SUB: DANNY SMITH)
QUAGMIRE.....SETH MACFARLANE
SCARECROW.....TBD (SUB: DANNY SMITH)
SHORT ROUND.....TBD (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)
STUDENT.....TBD (SUB: SETH MACFARLANE)
TEACHER.....TBD (SUB: CHRIS SHERIDAN)
TEENAGE PETER.....SETH MACFARLANE
TIN MAN.....TBD (SUB: ALEC SULKIN)
TV ANNOUNCER.....TBD (SUB: JOHN VIENER)
WHITE MALE TEACHER.....TBD (SUB: ALEC SULKIN)
WIFE.....TBD (SUB: ALEX BORSTEIN)
WIFE DUCK.....TBD (SUB: ALEX BORSTEIN)

ACT ONE

EXT./ESTAB. THE DRUNKEN CLAM - DAY

INT. THE DRUNKEN CLAM - SAME

JOE, CLEVELAND and QUAGMIRE are sitting at a table. PETER enters.

PETER

Hey, guys! You wanna come over to my house this Saturday? I found an old gramophone in my attic.

INT. GRIFFINS' ATTIC - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Peter cranks a gramophone.

GRAMOPHONE RECORD (V.O.)

(SINGING)...PROMISE ME WHEN SMALL POX COMES, YOU'LL SHOOT ME BEHIND THE BARN...

INT. THE DRUNKEN CLAM - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

The guys all look at each other uncomfortably.

JOE

Uh, Peter, this weekend is no good. It's a little awkward, but... well, every year, the three of us take a fishing trip to Matunuck Beach with our fathers.

PETER

What? You guys never told me that.

CLEVELAND

It's nothing against you, Peter. It's just that it's a father and son thing, and well, none of us ever enjoyed having Francis around.

PETER

But Francis is dead. Wait a minute,
you telling me you guys have been
doing this for years and you've been
lying to me about it? Just like Noah
lied to the Farting Pink Rhino?

EXT. NOAH'S ARK - DAY (CUTAWAY)

NOAH stands on a gang-plank as rain begins to fall.
Suddenly, a large PINK RHINOCEROS runs in.

PINK RHINO

Hold it! Hold on, don't leave yet!

The Rhino reaches Noah and puts his hand on Noah's shoulder
as he tries to **catch his breath**.

PINK RHINO (CONT'D)

Sorry, had some trouble packing. If
the Mrs. had her way, she'd bring ev--

The rhino bends at the waist and cuts a **huge, long, horrible wet fart**. Noah quickly holds his nose and **gags**.

PINK RHINO (CONT'D)

Whoo! Home cookin'! (LAUGHS) Anyways,
the Mrs.'ll be here in a moment--

The Rhino **farts** again. Noah reacts. Then:

NOAH

Actually... this ark is full. But
another one's coming in fifteen
minutes.

INT. ARK - CONTINUOUS (CUTAWAY, CONT'D)

The ark is set up like an airplane, with rows of seats. A
HUSBAND and WIFE DUCK sit in their seats by a window. The
husband duck reads the newspaper with glasses down on the end
of his bill.

WIFE DUCK

(WORRIED) What's going on out there?

HUSBAND DUCK

(WITHOUT LOOKING UP) Relax, they're
just de-icing the wings.

INT. THE DRUNKEN CLAM - DAY (BACK TO SCENE)

Peter looks directly into the camera, smiling warmly.

PETER

(LIKE IN 'THE UNICORN' SONG) And
that's why you never see a Farting
Pink Rhino, to this very day! (THEN,
ANGRILY) You guys suck.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - LATER

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - SAME

LOIS, STEWIE and CHRIS sit, watching TV.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

We now return to NASCAR...

EXT. RACE TRACK - DAY (ON TV)

We see several race cars circling a track.

JIM (V.O.)

Welcome back to our second hour of
big, loud cars riding around in a
circle, and Bill, I have to say, there
couldn't be a nicer day to watch big,
loud cars riding around in a circle.

BILL (V.O.)

You're right, Jim. And I'm paying special attention to Dale Earnheart Jr., who's really doing a good job of riding his big, loud car around in a circle.

JIM (V.O.)

I'll say. In fact, I'll bet each of the other guys who are riding a big loud car around in a circle are wishing they were in his big, loud car riding around in a circle, but hey, that's just a part of what it is to be riding a big, loud car around in a circle.

BILL (V.O.)

And to think, some people say these guys are not tremendous athletes.

JIM (V.O.)

I don't even mind that my foot's asleep!

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - DAY (BACK TO SCENE)

BRIAN enters happily with a letter.

BRIAN

Lois, look at this! My essay won first prize in the New England Rising Writers contest! I'm gonna be honored at the big ceremony on Martha's Vineyard.

STEWIE

Huh. And people think I'm gay.

BRIAN

Wait a minute, how does writing make me gay?

STEWIE

Ah, it just, it does.

BRIAN

Well, laugh all you want, but they're going to put me up at a luxury hotel, all expenses paid!

MEG

Wow! Congratulations, Brian.

BRIAN

Meg, please, I'm talking. Over a thousand people entered the contest and they chose mine.

LOIS

Wow, that's surprising, Brian. Because I've read most of your stuff, and I mean... (SUPPRESSING A LAUGH) well, it wasn't that story about the sharecropper who used to sing to ward off his depression, was it?

CHRIS

(LAUGHING) What a pretentious douche bag. (MORE LAUGHING)

STEWIE

(LAUGHING, THEN TRAILING LAMELY AFTER
CHRIS)

BRIAN

No, no, it wasn't that. You know,
they say "write what's in your heart,"
and I won, so I guess it's true.

CHRIS

Well, Brian, that's a great
achievement, just like the first
chemotherapy patient to figure out the
handkerchief look.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY (CUTAWAY)

A BALD CANCER PATIENT looks at himself in the mirror, then
puts a handkerchief over his bald head.

CANCER PATIENT

(CALLING OFF, EXCITED) Honey, get in
here!

WIFE (O.S.)

What is it?

CANCER PATIENT

Just get in here!

The WIFE enters.

WIFE

Wha-- Oh, my god!

CANCER PATIENT

Right?

WIFE

It's like you--

CANCER PATIENT/WIFE

Don't even have cancer! (LAUGH
TOGETHER)

CANCER PATIENT

No, but I still have pretty aggressive
cancer.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - SAME

Lois and Brian drink coffee. Peter is at the window,
watching Joe, Cleveland, and Quagmire pack the car for the
trip.

PETER

Well, there they go. Off on the
fishing trip.

Through the window, **ANGLE ON** Joe, Cleveland and Quagmire
happily, and in Quagmire's case, spastically tossing their
gear into Joe's pickup truck.

QUAGMIRE

(DISTANT) Here we go fishing, we're
gonna have so much fun, we're gonna
have so much fun, we're gonna have so
much fun!

JOE

On the way, let's stop for dip-cones.

QUAGMIRE

Yeah, we're gonna do that too, we're
gonna do that, too, dip-cones!

ANGLE BACK ON Peter, who turns away from the window.

PETER

I wish I had a dad so I could go on
the trip.

BRIAN

Peter, you do have a dad. You went
and met him in Ireland.

PETER

(THINKS, THEN) That really happened?

BRIAN

Yes. I was there with you.

LOIS

Why don't you ask Mickey to come,
Peter?

PETER

Lois, I am not gonna get on a plane
and fly all the way to Ireland just to
ask my father to come fishing.

LOIS

No, I mean pick up the phone and call
him.

PETER

(LAUGHING) Oh, I must've sounded
ridiculous. Give me the phone.

(TAKING THE PHONE, DIALING AS HE
LAUGHS, HIGH-PITCHED EXHALE) Dad, it's
Peter.

INT. WIFEY MCBEATTY'S TAVERN - SAME

MICKEY MCFINNEGAN is at the bar. **INTERCUT** over the
following:

MICKEY

Peter! How are ya, lad? What's so
funny?

PETER

Oh, you kinda had to be here, it'll lose something in the telling, but listen, Dad, later today, you wanna come fishing with me and the guys?

MICKEY

Later today fishing with you and the guys?

PETER

Yeah.

MICKEY

That'll be a no.

Mickey hangs up.

LOIS

Well, what did he say, Peter?

PETER

He's not coming. Man, this is a bigger disappointment than Fruit Stripe Gum.

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Peter sits on the couch, opening a piece of Fruit Stripe Gum. He puts it in his mouth.

PETER

(CHEWING) Mmmm. (THEN) Aww.

EXT. MATUNUCK BEACH - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

Several tents are set up. Cleveland fishes as Joe sets up fishing poles in the sand with his father, GORD SWANSON.

GORD

(RE: JOE'S BRIGHT WHITE SHOES) I see you got a new pair of shoes for the trip, Joey.

JOE

(SADLY) These shoes are seven years old, Dad.

GORD

Well, I did get you something new.
(HOLDS UP UNDERWEAR) We're gonna try the big-boy underwear today.

JOE

Dad, we've been through this. You know there's no point.

GORD

It's important that you try.

JOE

Dad, I've told you, I can't do it!

GORD

(BREAKING DOWN) You could do it when you were nine!

JOE

(SIGH) Okay, I'll try them.

GORD

Good! Good attitude! (CALLING OFF)
D'ya hear that? Did you hear my little fighter? Alright, step out of your pants.

ANGLE ON Quagmire, who stands outside a tent.

QUAGMIRE

Hey, Dad, come on, the fish don't bite
all morning.

CYRIL QUAGMIRE steps out of a tent. He has a belly ring, a lower-back tattoo, and is wearing short, tight pink-trunk shorts, a see-through mesh half-shirt, and has big, round feminine sunglasses perched on top of his head.

CYRIL

Oh, poop on a pop! I left one of my
damn espadrilles in the Miata.

QUAGMIRE

Hahaha, (THROUGH GRITTED TEETH) I
thought we agreed no espadrilles on
the fishing trip, Dad.

CYRIL

Well, I'm not about to look like a
schlump in front of all the sea life.

Peter approaches the guys, carrying his fishing gear.

PETER

Hey, guys! Sorry I'm late.

JOE

Peter, what are you doing here?

PETER

I'm here to do some fishing.

QUAGMIRE

Peter, we told you, this is a father-
son trip.

PETER

Oh, I know that. That's why I brought
my dad. Here he is.

Peter picks up a stop-sign. It's got tree-branch arms and there's an "Andre The Giant" sticker on it.

JOE

Peter, that's a stop sign.

PETER

Yeah, that was his nickname when he played middle linebacker. You couldn't get past "Stop Sign" Griffin. Hehehe, right, Dad?

Peter makes the stop sign "nod."

CLEVELAND

Peter, that's a worse cover story than the one you used in high school.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

A TEENAGE PETER stands before his MATH TEACHER.

MATH TEACHER

Peter, where's your assignment?

TEENAGE PETER

I'm sorry, Mrs. Thompson, but Don Johnson ate my homework.

WHIP PAN OUTSIDE to under a tree, where DON JOHNSON, dressed in his "Miami Vice" garb (white jacket, rolled up sleeves, pastel undershirt and loafers with no socks), **chews** up a piece of paper, then **regurgitates** it into the mouth of PHILIP MICHAEL THOMAS, who greedily **swallows** it down.

DON JOHNSON

What's gonna happen when you don't have me to do this for you?

PHILIP MICHAEL THOMAS

Oh, I'm gonna be fine.

EXT. BEACH - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

PETER

Well, where's your father, Cleveland?

I don't see him anywhere.

CLEVELAND

My dad's over there lighting the fire.

ANGLE ON Cleveland's father, LEON, building a campfire. He sports a big afro, a goatee and wears a brown leather jacket, like "Shaft."

PETER

Holy crap, that's Leon "Freight Train"

Brown! I've seen all his movies from
the seventies!

LEON

(TO FIRE) Come on, baby, light for me.

You know you're the only fire in my
life.

The fire instantly **lights up**.

LEON (CONT'D)

That's my girl.

He strokes the fire lovingly.

PETER

Man, I'll bet you get a lot of chicks
out in Hollywood.

LEON

I get chicks everywhere, fool!

QUAGMIRE

Yeah, he's a player. Just like my
dad, right Dad?

ANGLE ON Cyril, who's talking on his cell phone and holding a mail order catalog.

CYRIL

Yes, hi? Anthropologie? You've got a bed skirt on page twenty-three. Is that gingham? Because if so, I just found Charles's Christmas present.

PETER

Jeez, Quagmire, I never knew your dad was a flaming--

QUAGMIRE

War hero, Peter. A highly decorated, flaming war hero.

PETER

No, I'm saying he's a homo--

QUAGMIRE

--genized milk is what he drinks.

PETER

No, no, no, I'm saying it seems like he likes to smoke pole--

QUAGMIRE

Malls, Pall Malls, no filter. It takes a real man to face lung cancer, and that's what he is.

JOE

Peter, you're gonna have to go home.

PETER

Well, fine, screw you guys. (HURLING
STOP SIGN INTO WATER) I don't care
about your stupid father-son fishing
trip anyway!

EXT. UNDERWATER - CONTINUOUS

The stop sign lands upright at the bottom of the ocean in
front of TWO FISH.

FISH #1

Well, looks like someone at City Hall
read my letter after all.

FISH #2

Yeah, ten dead fish and they finally
get the message.

A third fish swims through the shot very quickly.

FISH #2 (CONT'D)

(SCREAMING AFTER FAST FISH) SLOW DOWN!

EXT. BEACH - CONTINUOUS

PETER

Excuse the hell out of me for not
having a father!

MICKEY (O.S.)

Who says you don't have a father?

Mickey walks in.

PETER

Dad! You're here!

MICKEY

Aye, I flew Aer Lingus! It wasn't the
Lingus I was hoping for!

Mickey **laughs** and **slams** his hand on the picnic table.

PETER

Fellas, this is my drunken Irish dad!

ANGLE ON Cyril and Quagmire.

CYRIL

Well, he's already drunk. Half my
work is done.

QUAGMIRE

Shut up, Dad! Shut up! (TO HIMSELF,
THROUGH GRITTED TEETH) It's so got-
damn embarrassing.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - SAME

Lois, Chris, Meg and Stewie sit on the couch, watching television.

TV ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

We now return to "Inspirational White
Teacher Helps Inner City Students."

INT. INNER CITY CLASSROOM - DAY (ON TV)

A WHITE MALE TEACHER holds a book and sits on the edge of his desk with one foot on a chair.

WHITE MALE TEACHER

(POINTING TO BOOK) Maybe Shakespeare
was really saying, "Step off,
Mercutio!"

ANGLE ON a tough looking black STUDENT.

STUDENT

I get it now!

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - DAY (BACK TO SCENE)

Peter and Mickey **burst through** the door.

PETER

Everybody, meet my dad, Mickey
McFinnegan.

LOIS

Oh, it's such a pleasure to meet you,
Mickey. We've heard so much about
you.

MICKEY

(TO PETER) Aye, ya pluggin' this one,
are you? (TO LOIS) Those are some fine
shoes, lass. Store bought, are they?

PETER

Dad, this is Chris, Meg and Stewie.

MICKEY

Ah, look at me grandchildren. Three
strapping, well-cankled boys.

MEG

I'm a girl.

MICKEY

(POUNDING FIST ON NEARBY WOODEN
SURFACE) Har! Sure y'ar! Sure y'ar!
Now run upstairs and give your penis a
good workin', ya growin' boy.

Brian comes down the stairs.

BRIAN

Oh, hey, Mickey, good to see you
again.

MICKEY

Brian, you little fuzzy-bummed piss-maker, how are you? Now that I'm in America, perhaps one of you can direct me to a hooker that looks like Connie Stevens.

BRIAN

Uh, maybe another time, Mickey. I'm off to Martha's Vineyard to accept first prize in a writing contest.

LOIS

Oh, Martha's Vineyard, I'm so jealous. Peter and I haven't been on a vacation since we went to Spit-Take Village.

EXT. QUAIN T VILLAGE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Peter and Lois walks down a touristy street in Spit-Take Village. They each hold beverages.

LOIS

Peter, I can't believe you brought me here, I hate this place.

Peter does a **spit-take** all over Lois. **WIDEN TO REVEAL** ANOTHER COUPLE walking next to them, also holding beverages.

PETER

What?! (TURNS TO COUPLE) You hear that, buddy? My wife hates this place!

The guy does a **spit-take** on Lois.

GUY

Hear that everybody?! This woman hates it here!

WIDEN TO REVEAL HUNDREDS OF TOURISTS with beverages, who all **spit-take** simultaneously.

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

BRIAN

Well, you know, you're more than
welcome to join me.

MICKEY

(TO LOIS) Well, why are you standing
around with your thumb in your man-
holder? Go with him, you daft girl
thing! (RE: PETER) And take this
botched abortion with you! (PLAYFULLY
PUNCHING PETER) Aaaah, just kiddin',
we never tried to abort you. You best
watch your step though. (PLAYFULLY
PUNCHING AGAIN) Aaaah, no, it's
impossible now.

LOIS

Well, I wish we could go, but who
would look after the kids?

MICKEY

I will, you fire-haired boner-maker.

LOIS

Really? Well, I guess that'd be okay.
Alright, looks like we're going to
Martha's Vineyard.

PETER

Whattaya say, Brian?

Brian points to two stacks of suitcases on either side of
him.

BRIAN

I had a hunch!

Everyone **laughs**, sitcom style. Their laughter subsides, but Peter still continues to **laugh** way too hard, right in Brian's face. He then turns and **laughs** towards the camera, way too hard at us.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. MARTHA'S VINEYARD AIRFIELD - MORNING

A small plane touches down.

EXT./ESTAB. SEASIDE HOTEL - DAY

INT. SEASIDE HOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Peter, Lois and Brian enter their suite. Lois looks around, impressed.

LOIS

Brian, this is wonderful. I feel like one of the Kennedys. You know, the over-privileged drunk ones, not the socially responsible dead ones.

BRIAN

You know this resort offers some wonderful amenities. They have bird-watching, wine-tasting, horseback riding...

PETER

Aw, I hate horseback riding.

EXT. TRAIL - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Peter stands next to his horse, having a heated conversation with the TRAIL LEADER.

PETER

So, why does he get to poop on the trail?! And secondly, how do you know that's my poop?

EXT./ESTAB. ANTIQUE STORE - LATER

INT. ANTIQUE STORE - CONTINUOUS

Brian and Lois are browsing through an antique store. Peter lags behind, looking very bored.

LOIS

What a quaint little store. Y'know,
it's been years since I've been
antiquing.

BRIAN

(PRETENTIOUSLY) I love antiquing.
It's like finding treasures in the
sock drawer of life.

There's an awkward pause. A very GAY MANAGER crosses in.

MANAGER

Ooh, that's poetic. You must be one
of those award-winning writers in
town.

BRIAN

Yes, yes. Thank you. (THEN) I must
say, I can't get over the selection of
Colonial artifacts you have here.

PETER

You know what I can't get over? That
everything in this store is designed
for men to sodomize each other with.

Lois shoots an apologetic look to the manager, then she picks
up a small statue of a little duck.

LOIS

Oh, I love this little duck!

MANAGER

You've got a good eye. It's authentic
turn-of-the-century carnival chalk.

PETER (O.S.)

Hey, look at this! An antique
hurricane lamp. How do they fit that
up there, huh? How do they do it?
They're magicians, those people.

Brian, ignoring Peter, steps over to look at the duck.

LOIS

Something about this speaks to me.

BRIAN

Well, maybe that's because it's
beautiful in a simple way, and
everything rolls right off its back.

Lois smiles at Brian, flattered. The manager smiles.

MANAGER

Oh, isn't that sweet.

PETER (O.S.)

Whoop -- Bend over, John Hancock, here
comes a vintage cast-iron soup ladle!

LOIS

Peter, will you shut up! You've been
acting like an idiot all morning!

PETER

This blows, Lois. Didn't we come
here to go on Space Mountain? Where
the hell is Space Mountain?

LOIS

Peter, that's Disneyland.

PETER

That's Disneyworld. Buy a map,
Charles Atlas.

Peter storms out. Brian turns to Lois.

BRIAN

You know, I think Peter forgets how
lucky he is to have you. Sometimes
he's as clueless as Lois Lane.

EXT. LOIS LANE'S BALCONY - NIGHT (CUTAWAY)

LOIS LANE stands looking out into the night when CLARK KENT enters.

LOIS LANE

Clark, you missed it! Superman was
just here.

CLARK KENT

Really? Oh darn, I-- You know what, I
can't do this anymore. You are such
an idiot. Look.

Clark removes his glasses.

LOIS LANE

Oh, my god!

Clark then puts his glasses back on.

LOIS LANE (CONT'D)

Clark, Superman was just here.

Clark **sighs**.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY

INT. GRIFFINS' KITCHEN - SAME

Meg, Chris and Stewie enter to find Mickey sitting at the table, drinking a beer. Empty, dirty plates are in front of him and in the sink.

MICKEY

Well! Top o' the mornin' to ya,
children!

STEWIE

Ugh, look at his teeth. They look
like cow corn. Chris, don't his teeth
look like cow corn? October cow corn.

CHRIS

Grandpa, we're hungry.

MICKEY

Aye, as was I when I woke to find this
well-stocked kitchen. So, I made a
traditional Irish breakfast of rolled
oats, hard-boiled eggs, and a generous
portion of ham and thick bacon.

CHRIS

That sounds great. Where is it?

MICKEY

Where is it? Why, I ate it, lad! Now
come along, you'll be late for school.
I've given you each a jar of potted
herrings in case you get famished
before dinner.

Mickey hands each of the kids a mason jar of fish.

CHRIS

A jar of fish?

STEWIE

What a care-giver. I feel about as
safe and secure as The Cowardly Lion
when he was Paris Hilton's
gynecologist.

INT. GYNECOLOGIST'S OFFICE - DAY (CUTAWAY)

The COWARDLY LION stands with the TIN MAN and the SCARECROW.
PARIS HILTON lies in stirrups.

COWARDLY LION

Alright, I'm gonna check her for
diseases. (TO THE OTHER GUYS) There's
just one thing I want you to do.

TIN MAN/SCARECROW

What's that?

COWARDLY LION

(TURNING AWAY) Talk me out of it.

TIN MAN/SCARECROW

(STOPPING HIM) No, no, no, no!

EXT./ESTAB. SEASIDE HOTEL - NIGHT (BACK TO SCENE)

A sign reads: "New England Rising Writers' Banquet - Grand
Ballroom."

INT. BALLROOM - SAME

Brian and Lois sit at one of many tables.

LOIS

What do you think's keeping Peter? I
hope he gets here before they give you
your award.

BRIAN

Well, you're here, Lois. That's
enough for me.

LOIS

Oh, you always know just what to say.

BRIAN

(CHUCKLES) Guilty, your honor.

Brian gazes at Lois. On stage, an EMCEE takes the mic.

EMCEE

And the award for "Best Disguising of
Porn As History" goes to Jean M. Auel
for "Clan of the Cave Bear," "The
Valley of Horses," and "Do Me Next To
This Newly-Invented Fire, Neanderthal
Guy."

Suddenly, Peter, Joe, Cleveland and Quagmire stumble into the
room, drunk and still holding beers.

PETER

Yeah! Fuckin' books! When I say
"douchebags," you say "books!"
Douchebags!

JOE/QUAGMIRE/CLEVELAND

Books!

PETER

Douchebags!

JOE/QUAGMIRE/CLEVELAND

Books!

PETER

(STILL RHYTHMIC) Everybody in here is
a douchebag 'cause only douchebags
care about books! Uh!

LOIS

Peter, what are they doing here?

PETER

Hey, did we miss Byron's reward?

LOIS

Brian's award, and you haven't answered my question.

PETER

It was so freakin' boring out here, I called the guys because, (SINGING) THEY'RE MY BEST FRIENDS. PEOPLE LET ME TELL YOU ABOUT CLEVELAND.

LOIS

Peter, get out of here right now and sober up. We'll deal with this tomorrow.

PETER

(WHISPERING) You've been a good son, Brian, and I'm sorry you're so sick.

BRIAN

(AS PETER EXITS) What?

EMCEE

And now to read an excerpt from his grand prize winning Short Essay, "Amazing Grace", tonight's guest of honor, Mr. Brian Griffin.

There is polite **applause** as Brian makes his way to the stage. He takes out some reading glasses and reads from his essay.

BRIAN

Thank you very much. "She was Grace, in name and in essence. To those she loved she exuded strength, life, laughter and light. And to me, also sorrow, for circumstance had bound her to my best friend, through whom we met in the warmth and serenity of her home."

At the table, Lois is riveted to Brian's words as she realizes that the essay is about her. Brian continues.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

"Nothing from that first day I saw her, and no one that has happened to me since, has ever been as frightening and as confusing. For no person I've ever known has ever done more to make me feel more sure, more insecure, more important, and less significant."

The audience applauds as Brian and Lois stare across the room at each other. Brian steps down off the stage and the Emcee takes the mic again.

EMCEE

And next, the award for "Most Obvious Pandering To Oprah's Book Club In A Title" goes to, "You Go Girl, And Don't Let No Man Of Any Color Tell You Never Mind."

EXT./ESTAB. DAY CARE CENTER - DAY

INT. DAY CARE CENTER - SAME

Mickey enters, carrying Stewie. He approaches the MALE TEACHER.

MICKEY

Top o' the mornin'. This is wee
Stewie Griffin and I'm his Grand-dad.

Stewie shakes his head "no", and waves his hand, embarrassed.

STEWIE

That has not been verified with DNA,
but rest assured, I intend to do a
cheek swab later when he's passed out
drunk.

The teacher rises nervously and backs away from them. We see that the other kids are afraid of Stewie.

MICKEY

The lad's mother says I'm to drop him
here each day while she's away.

TEACHER

Uhh, no, I'm sorry, but we're no
longer taking that little boy. We've
had some difficulties with him.

MICKEY

Have ye? What sort of difficulties?

TEACHER

He's been biting the other children.
In fact, it just happened yesterday.

INT. DAY CARE CENTER - DAY (FLASHBACK)

The teacher faces Stewie, who is O.S.

TEACHER

Stewie, did you bite Willy?

ANGLE ON Stewie, who has a very realistic blood-smear across his face.

STEWIE

No, but I'll be happy to help you find
the guy who did.

INT. DAY CARE CENTER - DAY (BACK TO PRESENT)

TEACHER

He's just too rambunctious.

Mickey instantly bears down on the frightened teacher.

MICKEY

Rambunctious? He's a boy, isn't he?
What kind of school would take the
piss and vinegar out of a growin' boy?

Stewie watches as Mickey starts shoving the teacher.

TEACHER

Sir, I don't...

MICKEY

Want him to succumb to oppression, do
ye? Then in a flash, he's signin' his
land over to the Brits? Well, I'll
have none of it! He's an Irish lad,
tough as nails! And you won't take
that away from him!

Mickey picks up the teacher and **hurls** him through the front
window. The teacher **screams** and **cries**. Stewie is stunned.

STEWIE

My word, the Irish are monsters. That
barely-concealed rage, the misguided
passion and unbridled emotion... (WITH
SUDDEN PRIDE) I love it!

MICKEY

Come, lad. Find us a horse track, we
will.

Mickey takes Stewie away by the hand. Stewie starts to go,
then points back to the teacher.

STEWIE

Tell no one about this! We know where
you live! Your troubles have only
begun, you miserable little croaker!

We **hear** Irish music as Stewie and his grandpa get back in
their car. The car whirls about. Stewie leans out the
window and throws a Molotov cocktail into the parking lot,
blowing up a school bus. Stewie and Mickey **laugh** as they
pull away.

EXT./ESTAB. SEASIDE HOTEL - MORNING

INT. SEASIDE HOTEL ROOM - SAME

Lois sits up in bed, Peter **snoring** beside her. Brian gently
knocks and enters, smiling.

BRIAN

Hey. Good morning... "Grace".

LOIS

Good morning, Brian. That's a lovely
fragrance you're wearing. What is it?

BRIAN

Oh, this? This is, uh, Hartz-Mountain
flea-dip. It kills tics, fleas and
mosquitos. It's very potent. Almost
as potent as the inspiration you give
me to weave a literary tapestry.

They smile. Then, Peter rolls over and **rips a huge fart.**

PETER

(CLEARLY WAS IN PAIN) Aaaah, that's so much better! Mornin', Lois. (SMACKS MOUTH TO GET RID OF MORNING TASTE, THEN MAKES KISSING NOISES AS HE LEANS INTO LOIS) Sorry, I got sinus breath.

He kisses her. She winces.

PETER (CONT'D)

I'm sorry about last night, Lois. I promise, today I'll do whatever not fun thing you want me to do.

LOIS

Actually, Peter, I was thinking maybe you should spend the day with your friends.

PETER

Really? What are you gonna do?

LOIS

I don't know. I'm sure Brian would be glad to take me off your hands. He and I could spend the whole day together. Just the two of us. Alone.

Brian's tail wags.

PETER

Well, alright, if you don't mind. Boy, this vacation is turning out better than "Indiana Jones Four," you know, where Indy has to find the remote.

INT. INDIANA JONES' LIVING ROOM - DAY (CUTAWAY)

AN ELDERLY INDIANA JONES sits in an armchair, watching TV. A lap-blanket rests on his lap.

T.V. ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

"The View" is coming up next.

Indiana starts looking around for his remote control. This goes on for a few beats, then he spots it over by the TV.

INDIANA JONES

(GROANS) Oh, there it is. Shorty, get the remote for me.

SHORT ROUND, now a man in his 40's, enters, wearing his New York Giants cap.

SHORT ROUND

Get it yourself, Dr. Jones!

INDIANA JONES

(LOOKING AROUND) What happened to all the table lamps I used to have?

SHORT ROUND

They still here, you crazy.

EXT. MARTHA'S VINEYARD - (MONTAGE)

EXT. PARK - DAY

Brian and Lois ride a tandem bike. **WIDEN TO REVEAL** Lois is doing all the pedaling because Brian's legs can't reach the pedals. Brian smiles sheepishly, shrugs his shoulder and lays back to enjoy the ride.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

Lois and Brian walk along the beach. They reach a sign that reads "Dogs On Leash." Brian looks sad, but Lois gets an idea, runs off, and returns with a leash. She puts it on Brian, and they continue to walk, smiling.

EXT. GOLF COURSE - DAY

Lois and Brian, decked out in preppy clothing: Kelly green whale belts, yellow anchor shorts, pink polo shirts and visors, are playing golf. Every time Lois hits her ball, Brian chases after it and returns it to her.

EXT. MARTHA'S VINEYARD STREET - LATER

Brian and Lois walk down the street, eating ice cream.

LOIS

You know, Brian, I was thinking, Peter and the guys are going out drinking tonight. I thought you and I could do something fun. Maybe order room service, watch a couple of bad movies...

BRIAN

Yeah, that sounds like fun. I'll go rent "Little Miss Sunshine."

LOIS

Well, not that bad. I was thinking like "You've Got Mail" or "Kate & Leopold."

BRIAN

Oh, yeah, sure.

EXT. MARTHA'S VINEYARD STREET - LATER THAT DAY

Brian walks along, cheerful.

BRIAN

This is gonna be great! A whole evening with Lois. We're gonna have such a fun time.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT (FANTASY)

Brian sits next to Lois on the couch. He **throws** himself at her.

BRIAN

Lois, my darling!

EXT. MARTHA'S VINEYARD STREET - DAY (BACK TO SCENE)

BRIAN

A couple of steaks, some wine, maybe a
couple of sundaes...

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT (FANTASY)

Brian sits next to Lois on the couch. He **throws** himself at her.

BRIAN

Lois, my darling!

EXT. MARTHA'S VINEYARD STREET - DAY (BACK TO SCENE)

BRIAN

Little music, some candlelight...

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT (FANTASY)

Brian sits next to Lois on the couch. He **throws** himself at her.

BRIAN

Lois, my darling!

EXT. MARTHA'S VINEYARD STREET - DAY (BACK TO SCENE)

BRIAN

Whoa, whoa, whoa, what am I doing?

This is Lois, Peter's wife. How can I
even think about trying anything?

HUMPHREY BOGART steps into frame.

HUMPHREY BOGART

Do or do not, there is no try, kid.

BRIAN

That's easy for you to say, you're
Bogart.

HUMPHREY BOGART

Everybody is at one time or another.
The point is, you're a man, and she's
a good-looking dame. You've gotta
have the attitude, Brian.

BRIAN

What's the attitude?

HUMPHREY BOGART

The attitude dictates that you don't
care whether she comes, stays, lays or
prays, whatever happens, your toes are
still tappin'.

BRIAN

Is that Damone from "Fast Times"?

HUMPHREY BOGART

Yeah, it's definitely in my top five.

BRIAN

That's your only advice?

HUMPHREY BOGART

You want fame, Brian? Well, fame
costs. And this is where you start
paying.

BRIAN

That's Debbie Allen.

HUMPHREY BOGART

You're the disease, Brian. I'm the
cure.

BRIAN

You're quoting Stallone from "Cobra"?

HUMPHREY BOGART

I'll stack up against him any day.
You see me when I had my shirt off in
"The African Queen"?

BRIAN

Yeah, you looked like a turtle without
its shell.

HUMPHREY BOGART

Well, piss off. Have fun screwing
your best friend's wife, jerk.

Bogart exits.

BRIAN

That was absolutely not helpful.

EXT./ESTAB. SEASIDE HOTEL - NIGHT

INT. SEASIDE HOTEL ROOM - SAME

Brian and Lois sit on the couch, facing the TV. The remains
of their dinner plates rest on the coffee table in front of
them, along with an open bottle of champagne and two glasses.

LOIS

This is so much fun, Brian.

BRIAN

Well, it's a Saturday night. Sorry
the video store pickings were a little
sparse. Hope you like "Roman
Holiday."

ANGLE ON the TV screen.

EXT. TREVI FOUNTAIN - DAY (ON TV)

We see AUDREY HEPBURN and GREGORY PECK standing by the Trevi
Fountain.

AUDREY HEPBURN

Tee-hee, I lied. I was a princess the whole time.

GREGORY PECK

You bitch, I'm gonna punch you in the face.

INT. SEASIDE HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT (BACK TO SCENE)

LOIS

That was a lovely dinner, Brian.

(HOLDING UP BAG) I saved all my scraps in a bag for you.

BRIAN

Thanks. Uh, you know, I kind of have a little something for you, too.

Brian hands Lois a small box with a card. She opens it, and takes out the little ceramic duck from earlier.

LOIS

Oh, Brian, the little duck from the antique shop! My god, you are so unbelievably thoughtful.

BRIAN

Well, you know, Lois, you mean a lot to me. I mean, things you say and things you do resonate with me in a big way. When you drive away to go to the market, I just don't know what to do with myself. Then when I hear that car coming up the driveway, I just go berserk.

(MORE)

BRIAN (CONT'D)

I mean, half the time, when you go the market, I just assume you're leaving forever, and when you get back, I realize I have no idea how long you've been gone, and I-- Well, I'm rambling, would you like some more champagne?

LOIS

I'd love some.

Brian pours her some champagne. She sips it.

LOIS (CONT'D)

Oh, my head is swimming.

He waits a beat, then **leaps** on her, making out with her furiously.

LOIS (CONT'D)

Oh my god, Brian, no! No, stop it!
What are you doing?!

BRIAN

I can't help myself, Lois! I know you're married to Peter, but I love you, and I can't stand it anymore!

By now, Lois is on her feet, backing away, as Brian continues to smother her.

LOIS

Brian, no! No! Get down! Get down!
This is a good sweater!

She grabs a newspaper and **swats** him on the nose a couple times.

LOIS (CONT'D)

Off! Off!

He steps away, clearly hurt.

LOIS (CONT'D)

I have to go.

Lois exits, flustered. Brian paces back and forth.

BRIAN

Oh, my god, I attacked her! What the
hell was I thinking? I'm a rapist!
I'm no better than Kobe Bryant, or
Mike Tyson, or Reagan.

There's a **knock** at the door. Brian opens it. Lois is there.

LOIS

Brian... Did you say you loved me?

A beat, then they kiss passionately as "As Time Goes By"
plays.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT./ESTAB. SEASIDE HOTEL - MORNING

INT. SEASIDE HOTEL ROOM - SAME

Brian and Lois are sitting up in bed with the covers pulled up. Brian smokes a cigarette.

LOIS

Well. That's something I never
thought would happen.

BRIAN

Me, neither. I just got so excited.
(A BEAT, THEN) I promise I'll pay the
cleaning bill on that nightgown. And
that lamp. And your luggage. Like I
said, I was...

LOIS

Excited, I know, Brian. It's okay.

BRIAN

You know, if you give me twenty
minutes and a sandwich, we could go
again.

She lovingly touches his nose.

LOIS

Don't pressure yourself. Now that we
know how we feel about each other, we
have all the time in the world. I'm
gonna go for a swim in the ocean.

(COYLY) I'll see you later tonight.

Lois throws on a t-shirt and shorts and exits. Brian's tail
wags. Then, he is startled as Peter **bursts** in with the guys.

PETER

Oh, boy, what a night, huh, fellas?
Lois?! We need money for candy bars
and miniature golf. (THEN) Oh, hey,
Brian. Where's Lois?

BRIAN

I, uhh...

QUAGMIRE

(SNIFFS, THEN) Hey, it smells like sex
in here. (SNIFFS AGAIN) And not just
straight sex. Some kinda donkey show
crap, or something.

Brian awkwardly starts making the bed. Peter spots the duck
on the night stand and picks up the note that is with it.

PETER

"To the most amazing woman I will ever
know." What the hell is this?

JOE

Sounds like a love note.

PETER

It can't be a love note, it's made out
to Lois. Unless... Oh, my god! Lois
is having an affair!

BRIAN

Aw, come on, Peter, that's ridiculous.
I mean, Lois doesn't even know anybody
up here.

PETER

Oh, yes she does!

BRIAN

(STARTING TO PANIC) She... she does?

PETER

Yes! And I'm gonna kick his ass!

Brian closes his eyes and takes a deep breath.

PETER (CONT'D)

Let's go, guys!

Peter charges from the room, followed by the guys.

INT. ANTIQUE STORE - A BIT LATER

The antique store manager from earlier talks on the phone as he organizes a shelf of antique knick-knacks.

MANAGER

I told you, Cyril, when we get those
Louis XIV penis-alabras in, I will
call you.

Suddenly, Peter's hand reaches in from O.S. and **spins** the manager around. The manager **goes down**.

PETER

You ready for a fist, you bastard?!

MANAGER

"Oh no," he said hopefully.

PETER

Your ass is mine, you home-wrecker!
I'm gonna give you the pounding of
your life!

MANAGER

And I'm gonna give you that antique
desk set.

The guys **jump** him.

EXT. JAMES WOODS HIGH - DAY

Mickey pulls up in the family car with Stewie. Meg and Chris get in.

MICKEY

How was your schoolin' today,
children?

CHRIS

Terrible. I asked out Brandee
Stilwell, and she called me the
"Crisco Kid."

MICKEY

Good for you! So, where you takin'
her?

STEWIE

No, dude, actually he's saying she
blew him off.

MICKEY

(TO MEG) So, Michael, how was your
day?

MEG

(SIGHS) It's Meg, Grandpa. I'm a
girl. And my day sucked. Nobody
talked to me as usual because I'm not
popular.

MICKEY

Unpopular? No grandson of mine is
gonna go through life unpopular.
Don't worry, ol' Mickey'll fix
everything!

Mickey jumps out of the car and addresses the CROWD OF STUDENTS milling about in front of the school.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

Children! You're all invited to the
Griffin home for a night of drinking,
dancing, singing and carousing.
You'll have a foot-stomping good time,
and at the end of the night, we'll all
fight over a potato!

KIDS

Yeah!/ Cool!/ Awesome!/ Except for the
potato part, that sounds good.

STEWIE

Well, this'll be more fun than those
seventy-two "Dead" shows I went to.

EXT. GRATEFUL DEAD CONCERT - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Stewie stands in an AUDIENCE watching the GRATEFUL DEAD play on stage. Stewie's eyes are almost all pupils, and he holds his shirt in his hands. In the background, we **hear** "Uncle John's Band."

STEWIE

Does anybody wanna buy my shirt? I'll
trade you my shirt for a grilled
cheese!

EXT./ESTAB. SEASIDE HOTEL - DAY

INT. HOTEL ROOM - SAME

Brian is pacing nervously.

BRIAN

God, what have I done? I mean, I love Lois, and this could be the beginning of something wonderful, but Peter's my best friend. If he found out I betrayed him like this, he'd probably kill himself.

EXT. OCEAN - DAY (FANTASY)

Peter walks towards the ocean, peeling his shirt off as he does.

PETER

How could they? I loved her. I loved him. How did I not see it coming? Me, who had the foresight not to get too hooked on Freddie Prinze.

Peter walks into the ocean, killing himself.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY (BACK TO SCENE)

Peter enters and sits down, distraught.

PETER

Brian, I've lost her. I've lost Lois.

BRIAN

What?

PETER

It's my fault. I've been acting like such a jerk, and spending so much time with the guys, and neglecting her. I can't live without her, Brian!

(MORE)

PETER (CONT'D)

And I swear, if it's not too late, I'm going to do everything I can to get her back.

Peter **cries**. Brian now feels terrible.

BRIAN

You... really do love her, huh?

PETER

So much, Brian. I can't take it. Me and the fellas even beat up that antique store guy who's been drillin' her. But it didn't make me feel any better.

BRIAN

The antique store guy? Peter, he's gay.

PETER

He is?! Oh my god, not only is Lois cheating, she's a bisexual!

BRIAN

Let me get this straight. You and your three drunk buddies walked into an antique store and beat up the gay proprietor. You realize this is going to look very much like a hate crime.

Peter nods as he realizes that he's in trouble.

PETER

Well, maybe they'll understand I made a mistake.

POLICE OFFICERS **bust** into the room.

COP

Peter Griffin, you're under arrest for
the assault of Greg J. Kochtaster!

PETER

What?!

COP

Ah, we're just kidding!

PETER

Oh, you guys--

COP

Yeah, you gotta keep it light.

PETER

Yeah, you guys are under a lot of
pressure.

COP

No, his real name is Lemuel Stratton.

PETER

In its own way, that's way gayer.

The cops slap handcuffs onto Peter.

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - NIGHT

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - SAME

A party is in full swing. Music **plays** and HIGH SCHOOL KIDS
mingle and **dance**. Meg approaches Mickey.

MEG

Grandpa, this party is great! People
are talking to me! I'm popular,
thanks to you!

Mickey notices Chris sulking.

MICKEY

Chris, why the long face? I saw you
chatting with that lass you fancy.

CHRIS

I was, but she called me Lard
Wellington. For a hot girl, she does
a lot of word play.

MICKEY

Let old Mickey take care of it, son.
Here's what's gonna happen: I'm gonna
go over and get a little fresh with
her, then you come save the day.

CHRIS

Okay.

Mickey crosses off.

ANGLE ON Stewie, talking to a JOCK wearing a varsity letter
jacket.

STEWIE

Oh, we are totally gonna beat
Jefferson, dude! Don't even question
that! (THEN) So you guys all shower
together, or what?

ANGLE ON Mickey, who is trying to make out with BRANDEE
STILWELL.

BRANDEE

AAA! Stop! What are you doing?!

Chris approaches.

CHRIS

(MOCK BRAVELY) Hey, you! Unhand that
woman!

MICKEY

(POINTING) Chris, just turn around and walk away. I know what I said earlier, but this is happening.

Mickey starts groping Brandee again.

CHRIS

Grandpa, no!

Chris pulls Mickey off and punches him, **knocking him** down.

BRANDEE

Oh, god, thank you so much, Chris.

She gives him a hug and a kiss.

MICKEY

Sorry, kids, I got a little carried away, there.

BRANDEE

What's the deal with that guy?

CHRIS

He's from a different time and place, Brandee. He doesn't mean any real harm.

MICKEY

(TO BRANDEE) If you change your mind, I'll be outside in the bushes with me trousers down.

EXT./ESTAB. SEASIDE HOTEL - DAY

INT. HOTEL ROOM - SAME

Lois is now dressed in a sexy negligee and spraying perfume around. She picks up a picture of Brian and kisses it, playfully. The phone **rings**. She picks it up.

LOIS

Hello? (BEAT) Oh, Brian, where are you? I've been waiting. (BEAT, GASPS) Arrested?! Assault?! A gay guy?! Boba Fett?! Boba Fett?! Alright, I'll meet you down there.

EXT. MARTHA'S VINEYARD AIRFIELD - A LITTLE LATER

The airfield is foggy, as in "Casablanca." Brian is there as the policemen are taking Peter out of the back of a squad car in handcuffs. Lois enters and crosses to Brian.

LOIS

Brian, what's going on? Where are they taking him?

BRIAN

Back to the mainland to post bail. Lois, you'd... better go to him.

LOIS

No. I'm staying here with you.

BRIAN

Lois, Peter loves you. You're the most important part of his world. Don't worry about me, I'll get by. But if that plane leaves and you're not on it, you'll regret it. Maybe not today, maybe not tomorrow, but soon, and for the rest of your life.

LOIS

Brian, that's beautiful.

BRIAN

Thanks, I wrote it.

LOIS

That's part of what makes you so special. Peter could never put words together like that. Like the things you said about me in your essay. It's what made me fall in love with you.

Brian looks very conflicted. Nearby, the propellers of the airplane **start to turn**. In the window of the plane we see Peter **screaming** to Lois and **crying**, his voice drowned out by the **noise**. Brian wrestles with his conscience, then:

BRIAN

Lois, there's something I should tell you. That essay I wrote? It was mostly a speech I ripped off from "Summer Of '42".

LOIS

Oh? Really?

BRIAN

Yeah. Are you mad?

LOIS

No, it's just that... that's kinda the main reason I had sex with you.

BRIAN

I see. Man, I feel like an idiot.

LOIS

Oh, don't say that, Brian. I made my own choices, and, to be honest, I wouldn't take back a second of it.

BRIAN

You wouldn't?

LOIS

No, because you've helped me reaffirm my feelings for Peter.

BRIAN

Well, when you put it that way, I guess that's just about the best thing I guy can do for a friend. (BEAT) Was it at least... good for you?

LOIS

Um... it was different. A lot of times, when Peter and I are having sex, I feel suffocated. But with you, it was kinda like I was doing it with a stuffed animal.

BRIAN

I think you better get on that plane.

Lois gets on the plane. It **takes off** dramatically. Brian watches it fly off. Bogart enters.

HUMPHREY BOGART

Well, you did the right thing, kid.
And without any help from me.

BRIAN

Yeah, I guess you're right.

HUMPHREY BOGART

Hey, what'd you get for winning that essay contest?

BRIAN

A sixty-dollar gift card to Target.

HUMPHREY BOGART

Sixty-dollars, huh? Brian, this looks
like the beginning of about three
moderately-priced bath mats.

Brian and Bogart walk back up the airfield through the fog as
the music **swells**.

END OF ACT THREE

TAG

EXT./ESTAB. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - DAY

INT. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - SAME

The house is completely trashed. Mickey is asleep amongst the rubble. He stirs and looks around, then at his watch.

MICKEY

Saints preserve us! Peter and Lois
will be home in twenty minutes! Time
for some good old-fashioned Irish
elbow grease!

Irish music **plays** as Mickey **slaps** his hands together.

INT. TAXI CAB - LATER

Irish music **plays** as Lois and Peter ride solemnly in a cab.

EXT. GRIFFINS' HOUSE - LATER

The music still **plays** as Peter and Lois walk up to the door.

INT. GRIFFINS' LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The music stops as Lois opens the door to see the house exactly as it was before. Mickey, hearing their entrance, stirs awake again and looks around.

MICKEY

Huh? Oh, sorry, I fell back asleep.

On their reactions, we:

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF SHOW